

Sketch

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Setting Sun

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What is truth?

Truth is a hand on a Bible. It is the car that is stolen and the story that is told to the police. It is the knowledge of the past, the actuality of the present and the assumption of the future. It is the Constitution of the United States and "Das Kapital." It is the priest, the minister, the rabbi and the muezzin. It is Aristotle, Kant and Shelley Berman. Truth is a stinking, bloated, decaying carrion in a green grassy meadow with white daisies.

What is communication?

Communication is the meaningful exchange of personalized ideas, observations and perceptions by the utilization of general symbols called words. Communication is impossible.

Setting Sun

by Peter Proul

There is the winding gravel road that runs
 from the little town to the home and barn.
 Its path is straight for the most part, and stops
 only for a bridge and to reflect the sun.
 The hills roll and stretch and streak with rows
 that twist and turn with sprouting, glistening
green corn.

Between the town, it holds so many things,
 and barn, a river flows. Shallow and slack
 water runs through an old ox bow and
 beside tree-lined green, growing banks.

A boy and girl in the hay strewn loft — how young,
 but old — feet hanging, swinging, swaying;
 dark, sunlit bodies against clear sky
 in the open double red doors. Watching,
 seeing, dreaming into a setting sun.

Shadows from the tops of trees and a rail fence
grow longer, darker and reach and feel
for the base of the barn and the two.
The sharpness of the sun, straight ahead,
strikes their faces and sinks below the trees
that line the slow old river.

Darkness sets, enclosing the world. A dove,
they couldn't see him, but they heard the whirl
of wings that puts the world to bed each night,
and felt the red spot upon his breast.

The lines of her body, silhouetted against
a darkening sky, travel a young figure
of rounded, smooth shoulders and slender waist.
The little light remaining falls upon
hills and valleys of soft natural brown hair
that curves and falls as nature makes her hills.

He stirs to leave — contours of lines on brow
begin to form. He sees her frown and stills
himself in silent hay. The wrinkles fade
and life and happiness grow on her face.

Her mind, it gathers thoughts of many things —
life, beauty, love and comes as a tear,
from sparkling blue eyes and rolls, flows,
down her cheek. A hand begins to move
to wipe away the tear. He stops her thought,
and takes her hand in his: watches the flow dry,
glistening, upon her cheek and sees,
feels,
a part drawn bow creep on her lips — a smile
for him, and life and others.

To her what lies ahead are long shadows
that merge to one with the setting sun.
His arm, it draws her near — her head now close,
rests in his neck, and arms about her waist.

Her eyes close — resting an easy mind,
and she hears his heart, gently singing her to sleep.
They knowingly now feel and trust the dove,
that set the sun.



Anita Margolis

by Winifred D. Bolin

WE PUSHED and shoved noisily through the lunch line in the school cafeteria. The kitchen help—the creeps, as we called them—put the food on our trays with slow, methodical movements. They were none too bright. You couldn't help feeling sorry for them, because you could see that they'd never be much more than kitchen help. But they were still creeps, and there's nothing worse than being a creep when you're in ninth grade.

Every day they watched the rest of us—we were the smart ones—as we pushed our trays along the counter. Anita Margolis always stood near the end of the line next to the ice cream. She pained me. No kidding. She handed me my ice cream every day. I didn't want her to, but she did.

"Hi Janice." She whimpered, like a puppy or something, instead of talking. But of course I had to be polite.

"Hi Anita."

"That's a pretty blouse, Janice."

"Thank you." I tried not make a face as I accepted the dish of ice cream. She twisted her hands nervously in her